

A
PANEGYRICK

On her most Excellent Majestie,
Katharine, Queen of *England*,
Scotland, *France*, and *Ireland*:

O R

Her Highness *Cordiall*
welcome into *England*.

Her Royal Majesty landed at Portsmouth, on Wednesday
night, the 14. this instant May: to the great joy of all
those that truly fear God, and honour
the KING.

By *LANCELOT RHYMOLDS*, Gent.

L O N D O N :

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PAID BY THE
TREASURY

(The Treasury of the
United Kingdom)

For the
Treasury



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PAID BY THE
TREASURY

LONDON

Printed by R. Kingdon in Great Street

On her most Excellent Majestic;
Katharine, Queen of *England*,
Scotland, *France*, and *Ireland*:
 Her Highness *Cordi* all
 welcome into *England*.

When that you saw, *Brave England's Royal Fleet*
 And many Nobles, of the *English* greet.
 Your Royal Brother, did them Entertain;
 And there *Brave Company*, and *Princely Train*;
 Where nothing was wanting, to shew his love:
 And enterchange of action, to approve.
 After great Feasting, they must then part thence.
 Take there great charge, a *Royal Recompence*.
 Much land, and watery Ocean, was between:
 I cannot now relate, what was there seen;
 In the great Court, of *King of Portugal*;
 Grand happiness, I wish unto them all.
 When you did leave, your Brothers *Royal Court*:
 Many great Persons, did to you resort.
 At last into the Ship, you did enter:
 Resolving on a *Royal adventure*.
 I wish't that the Seas, might be calm, and fair:
 For to Convey, a *Sponse*, that is so Rare,
 Endu'd with Eminent qualities of mind:
 A Jewel so Rich, so Rare is hard to find.
As breath'd fair, shi'd fail to convoy:
 The choicest Jewel, of my *Soveraigns* joy.

Neptune stir not up, Thy Tempestious waves :
 Where many are buried, in unrimely graves.
May's Forehead now be smooth, no wrinkled brows
 But fair, and calm, great *Cesar* it allow.
May Fishes skip, and in the Ocean play :
England Rejoyce, at this happy day.
 God Bless the place, where you did safely land
 And keep your Highness, by the Almighty's hand.
 Welcome Rare Princess, into great Brittain's land
 To gracious King *Charles*, that doth it command.
 And all our noble Nation beside :
 To be a Famous Queen, King *Charles* his Bride.
 Now you are past over, the Surging Seas
 Down you may sit, and take your quiet ease.
 When you shall come, in my dear Sovereigns sight
 Oh how it will his Highness heart delight.
 The Birds will chant, and melodious sing
 To welcome in our Queen, to'r Royal King.
 All creatures in their kind, may now rejoyce
 So let all *English* men, with heart, and voice.
 So let *Scotland*, and *Ireland* then, now accord
 Truly to love, and honour their dear Lord.
 Give him all comforts, of a Nuptial bed
 And all things may delight's heart, hand, and head.
 All things that may please, my Sovereigns senses :
 Friends Faithful, without faired pretences.
 Welcome Rare Princess, to *Portsmouth's* fair Town,
 Or every other place, of like Renown.

To Famous Cities, of this our Nation:
 In a Brave Order, and stately Fashion.
 Let Bonfires blaze, and Bells out loud Ring,
 To express love, unto our gracious King,
 And to the grand *Infanta* Princess high,
 Of hopeful virtues, and bright Majesty.
 Who having now put off that youthful Name:
 And ta'ne the name of Queen, of Royal fame.
 The Name *Infanta*, you have laid aside:
 Taken the Name of Queen: that will abide.
 As much Happiness, as a Heart can Deem:
 I do wish, and pray, for Grand King *Charles* Queen.
 As much as Tongue can speak, and heart think on:
 I'll wish, and pray, for great King *Charles*'s Son.
 Lord fill my Sovereigns heart, with choice delight:
 May you be dear, and precious in his sight.
 Inflame his heart, with a holy fire:
 Grant to his comfort Lord, a like desire.
 When you come, in brave *London*, to be seen,
 They'll Entertain you, as King *Charles*'s Queen.
 The manner how, I cannot now Relate:
 Sure it will be according to your State.
 When that your Grace shall Arrive at *White-Hall*:
 You'll find it to Exceed Court *Portugal*.
 Now you are landed free, from mortal harms:
 My Gracious King, will clasp you in his arms.
 You have made a fair, Rich, Happy, Exchange:
 Out of one Kingdom, into three to Range.

(6)
For you, and Royall issue, to Disport:
In Each, where many Nobles, will Resort.
God grant that we, in Gods due Time may see:
A Hopeful, fruitful, Hippy Progeny.
As much as Tongue, Hand, and Pen, can Express:
I wish you both, Eternal happiness.
And when your Earthly Crown's, shall pass away:
Give you a Kingdom, that shall ne're decay.



Accrofticks, On Her most Ex-
cellent Majesty, Queen
Katharine Stuart.

K *Atharin* pure, chaste: it doth signifie:
A good name doth the owner dignifie.
T reasures immortal, may your soul enjoy:
H appinels, Transcendant, without annoy.
A ll heav'nly Blessings, on your Head drop down:
R iches immortal: after Death a Crown.
I n *Jesus Christ*, you do put all your Trust:
N a cure being spent, ascend up to the Just.
S ing praise to God, by his sacred Spirit:
T hat brought you three Kingdoms to inherit.
U pready be, & uphold Gods precious word:
A gracious Queen, you're to our Sovereign Lord.
R aising you up, above your Family;
T o do service for your Grand King on high.

Knowledge

Knowledge, and Rare parts, doth adorn your mind:
A Royal Virgin, Queen, Noble, and kind.
The Angel of the Lord direct your wayes;
Heavenly minded still, your God to praise.
And may the holy Spirit comfort give;
Refresh your Soul, and grant it e're to live.
Judicious in your calling, happy be;
Next to our Sovereign Lord, in Majesty;
Ere blessed be, to all Eternity.

Sett up aloft, by Meditation,
Truth, still maintain, and Reformation.
Vare the Object, on whom the Kingdoms fix:
A Joy unto the Nations, Intermix.
Rejoice in *Queen*, as in your Saviour Dear:
That will assist you, and our Sov'reign here.

Kings, High, and Mighty: may from you proceed:
A Generation, of a Heav'nly Breed.
The King of Heav'n your happy womb so Bless:
Heap on you here, all Earthly happiness.
And heav'nly joyes, after this fraille life's past:
Robes of *Christ*: Righteousness, to weare at last;
In life and Death, most happy may you be:
Not for a moment; but Eternity.

Salvation by *Christ* may you Obtain:
That Blessed Guerdon: and Heavenly gain.
Verrue doth make the Mind, most bright to shine:
Advancthe Spirit, to a place Sublime.
Signe *royal* *Queen* of *England*, God you bless:
The Father, Son, and God of Righteousness

Queen

Queen of Albion famous, and learned Isle:
Upon this now, the Heavens begin to smile,
Eternal Lord, our King, and Queen to bless,
Even with joys of endless happiness,
Nor Earth, but Heaven crown your good success.

Christ hath advanc'd you, above your fathers throne;
Above all your Ancestors; God alone,
That great Jehovah, to him yeild the praise:
Heaven still protect your Grace, all your Dayes.

And make you so illustrious in the dayes
Recorded in the sacred Storyes
In future Ages may learn'd Authors write,
Not ordinary, but rare things indite.
Advance, bless, and to that celestial Light

Hee that on you here all earthly happiness
And here all joy, and here all bliss
Hee that on you here all earthly happiness
And here all joy, and here all bliss
Hee that on you here all earthly happiness
And here all joy, and here all bliss

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